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M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

BY

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

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Phillips Brooks

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THE
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The Summit of Beacon Hill, 1835

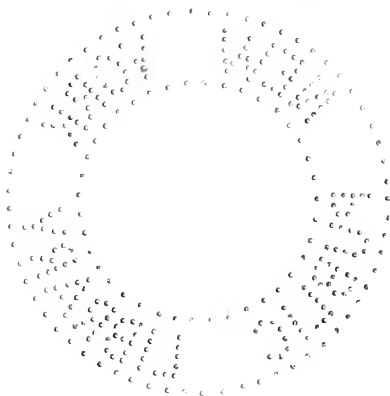
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PHILLIPS BROOKS

BY

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE



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*Dedicated, by permission,
to the*

Right Reverend

WILLIAM NEILSON McVICKAR, D.D.,

Bishop-Coadjutor of Rhode Island.

PREFACE.

In preparing this volume the writer has been struck by the fact that as yet there is very little written about Phillips Brooks excepting by members of his profession. Possibly, this gives a layman the better reason for venturing to touch the subject in his own way. He has not touched it, in this instance, with any hope or wish of doing what a clergyman might do with it. If there is too little of theology, he trusts there is not correspondingly too much of the personal Phillips Brooks. Indeed, he does not believe this to be possible, and would be better content if he could feel that the man of whom he has written had been more clearly and completely pictured in the narrative.

Although the author has not written clerically, he wishes to express his present obligations to those who could not well write otherwise. Many sermons and essays from clerical pens have provided information, which has been gratefully used. In particu-

lar the privately printed "*Reminiscences*" of the Rev. C. A. L. Richards and the Rev. G. A. Strong, from which many citations are made, have thrown a clear personal light upon their subject. For the direct aid of a friend's good advice the Rev. W. D. Roberts, assistant at Trinity Church, Boston, during the last four years of the rectorship of Phillips Brooks, must be warmly thanked. Finally, and chiefly, the author would record his special indebtedness to the Rev. Prof. A. V. G. Allen, of Cambridge, who of his time now largely devoted to completing the authoritative "*Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks*" has given generously to read the proof of this volume, and thus to free it from errors which could not otherwise have been avoided.

CHRONOLOGY.

1835

December 13. Phillips Brooks was born at 56 High St., Boston.

1839

His family left the First Church, Chauncy Place, and became members of St. Paul's Church, Dr. J. S. Stone, rector.

1842-46

Attended Adams School, Boston.

1846-51

Attended Boston Latin School.

1851

Entered Harvard College.

1855

Graduated at Harvard College.

1855-56

Taught at Boston Latin School.

1856

Entered Alexandria (Va.) Theological Seminary.

1859

Graduated at Alexandria.

1859 (*continued*)*July 1.* Ordained deacon.

Became rector of the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia.

1860

May 27. Ordained priest.

1862

Became rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia.

Death of his brother George.

1863

November 26. Delivered *The Mercies of Reoccupation: A Thanksgiving Sermon.* Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia.

1865

April 23. Delivered *The Life and Death of Abraham Lincoln:* Sermon at Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia.*July 21.* Made the prayer at Harvard Commemoration Service.*August.* Set out on first journey abroad.

1866

September. Returned from journey, having visited Great Britain, Germany,

Austria, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt,
Italy, Greece, France, and Switzerland.

1869

November 7. Became rector of Trinity
Church, Boston.

1870

June–September. Visited the Tyrol and
Switzerland.

Elected overseer of Harvard College.

October 6. Made the prayer at laying
of corner-stone of Memorial Hall, Cam-
bridge.

1872

June–September. Visited Norway, Swe-
den, Finland, Russia, and Germany.

November 10. Old Trinity Church, Bos-
ton, destroyed by fire.

1873

Present Trinity Church, Boston, begun.

1874

Spent the summer in Europe.

Death of his brother Frederick.

1876

Re-elected overseer of Harvard College.

1877

February 11. Historical sermon, dedication of Trinity Church, Boston.

Delivered and published *Lectures on Preaching*.

Received Degree of S.T.D., Harvard College.

Summer in Europe.

1878

Published *Sermons*.

1879

Delivered and Published *The Influence of Jesus* (Bohlen Lectures).

Death of his father.

1880

Spent the summer in Great Britain and France.

Death of his mother.

1882

Invited to Plummer Professorship, Harvard College.

Published *The Candle of the Lord, and Other Sermons*.

June. Set out on journey to England,

France, Italy, Germany, Austria, India, and Spain.

1883

Elected to third term as overseer of Harvard College.

September. Returned from foreign travel. Published *Sermons preached in English Churches.*

1885

April 23. Delivered Address at celebration of two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Public Latin School, Boston.

May–September. Travelled in England, Germany, Italy, and France.

1886

Elected assistant bishop of Pennsylvania. Declined.

May–June. Made a journey to California, Yosemite, and Vancouver's Island.

Became one of the Board of University Preachers, Harvard College, holding the post till 1891.

November. Delivered the sermon at the

two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Harvard College.

December 15. Delivered Address at two hundredth commemoration of the foundation of King's Chapel, Boston.

1887

Published *Twenty Sermons* (Fourth Series).

Delivered and published *Tolerance* (two lectures addressed to the students of several of the Divinity Schools of the Protestant Episcopal Church).

Spent the summer in England, and attended the Queen's Jubilee.

1889

June-September. Made a journey to Japan.

1890

Delivered Noonday Lenten lectures to business men in Trinity Church, New York.

Spent the summer in Switzerland and England.

1890 (*continued*)

Published *The Light of the World, and Other Sermons.*

1891

Delivered Noonday Lenten lectures to business men in St. Paul's Church, Boston.

April 30. Elected bishop of Massachusetts.

October 14. Consecrated bishop of Massachusetts.

1892

June–September. Made a journey to England, France, Tyrol, and Switzerland.

December 21. Delivered address at annual celebration of the New England Society, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1893

January 23. Phillips Brooks died.

Sermons (Sixth Series), published.

1894

Letters of Travel, published.

1895

Sermons for the Principal Festivals and

Fasts of the Church Year (Seventh Series), published.

Death of his brother Arthur.

1896

New Starts in Life, and Other Sermons (Eighth Series), published.

1899

Phillips Brooks House, Harvard College, completed.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

PHILLIPS BROOKS

I.

THE man whose life is the theme of this small volume had opinions of his own about the reading and the writing of biographies. An address to the boys of Phillips Academy, Exeter, delivered in 1886, showed beyond question that the whole subject of biography was familiar and dear to him. On this occasion he used a few words which cannot be ignored by any one who would attempt to describe his life. "I think," he said, "that the reading of many biographies ought to be begun in the middle. It seems a disorderly suggestion, but it has reason in it. It is the way in which you come to know a man. You touch his life at some point in its course: you find it full of attractive activity; you grow interested in what he is doing. So you grow interested in him; and then, not till then, you care to know how he

came to be what you find him,—what his training was, what his youth was, who his parents were, perhaps who his ancestors were, and who was the first man of his name who came over to America, and where that progenitor's other descendants have settled. The same is true, I think, of a biography. Indeed, I have often wondered whether a biography might not be written in that way. . . . Probably biographers will not so write for us ; but we may sometimes read thus the biographies which they have written in the dull order of chronology, and find them full of livelier and deeper interest."

If within the limits of the present writing it is not possible to act upon the whole suggestion of this passage, at least we need not utterly disregard it. Let us, then, look at two events of the year 1865.

When the news of the fall of Richmond reached Philadelphia, a meeting

for public rejoicing was immediately held in front of the building from which, eighty-nine years before, the Declaration of Independence had been given forth. To offer up thanksgiving for the ending of the Civil War, a man not yet thirty years of age, slender, extraordinarily tall, and of a countenance the more beautiful for its great earnestness, stood up, with his eyes toward the sky, and thanked God from the very heart of the whole assemblage gathered outside of Independence Hall. One person was there, however, who had no rightful place in the crowd; for he turned to the man beside him, and said,—

“Look at that old foggy yonder, praying with his eyes turned up, as if God was any more up than down.”

“Who are you calling an old foggy?” replied his neighbor, who happened to know the young preacher so grossly misdefined. “Take that.” So saying, and

acting with less of Christian forbearance than of singular appropriateness to the prayer just then making for the overthrow of our enemies, he dealt the fellow a stinging blow. It was an answer which, in spite of its vigor, lacked the important virtue of telling who the "old foggy" was.

This was in April of 1865. In July of the same year the sons of Harvard met at Cambridge for the commemoration of their brothers who fell in the war. Lowell's Ode for the occasion seems permanently to have fixed the memory of it, not as a local and special celebration, but as something national and universal. Yet the testimony of those who took part in all the proceedings is not that the Ode or the music or the Oration or the Poem—each the utterance of an acknowledged master—was the memorable interpretation of the spirit of the day. This, according to the unanimous verdict of President Eliot,

Colonel Higginson, and many others, was found rather in the prayer made at the morning exercises in the First Church by the young clergyman already seen in Philadelphia, and still under thirty; for it was he who brought together and gave forth the whole sense of loss, pain, loyalty, sacrifice, joy, and sorrow, which others later in the day were, according to their several ability, to utter. If the fame of this young man's loyal eloquence in Philadelphia had not reached the ears of authorities alert to hear good things about the children of the college, he could never have been asked to offer the Commemoration Prayer. Personally, he was little known in the world of Harvard outside the college generation into which he was born. But now the assembled dignitaries of college, State, and army, learned that a new and glowing light had flamed out on their horizon. Spell-bound they listened to the words, and were taken up

by the spirit of the preacher who in the next decade was to write, "It was hard during the Rebellion to illustrate the Christian warfare by the then familiar story of the soldier's life without hearing through the sermon the drums of the Potomac, and seeing the spires of Richmond quite as much as the walls of the New Jerusalem in the distance." The drums and the Southern spires and the heavenly vision seem all to have blended in the marvellous prayer. When it was done, the eager whispered question which sprang to almost every lip was, "Who is this?"

II.

THE reader hardly needs to be told that it was Phillips Brooks. So closely identified were his later and earlier years with Boston and Harvard College that it is hard to realize the existence of a period when Phillips Brooks was something of a stranger in the place of his birth and longest residence. None had a better inherited right to be known in Massachusetts than he who took pleasure in calling John Cotton his "very great grandfather." This relationship was on his father's side. On his mother's, he could claim a common descent with the founder of Phillips Academy, Andover, and with Wendell Phillips. His mother, Mary Ann Phillips, has been defined as gifted with a genius for religion. The simple fact that four of her six sons entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church speaks volubly for her influence.

William Gray Brooks, the father of this family, was a substantial Boston merchant, of strong physique, integrity, and will. Phillips Brooks, the second of his sons, was born in Boston, December 13, 1835. The boy was baptized by the Unitarian minister of the First Church in Chauncy Place, which the family attended. It is curious that they should soon have done precisely what Phillips Brooks, in his own ministry, led many Unitarians to do,—transfer their allegiance to the church of Episcopacy. In 1839 Mr. and Mrs. Brooks became members of St. Paul's Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton was soon to become the rector. The personal influence of a clergyman like Dr. Vinton in the household of a parishioner like his vestryman, Mr. Brooks, may be powerful for good; and so it was in this case. To the wise influence of Dr. Vinton, at several critical points in the lifetime of Phillips

Brooks, the younger man owed a debt of gratitude, which he was always ready to acknowledge.

The effective influences of Phillips Brooks's boyhood were by no means only those of religion. In the middle years of the century the life of a Boston boy, born into the best circumstances of the place, had the power to plant in the right soil many seeds of fruitful manhood. The domestic life of the period was marked with a simple dignity. There was no dearth of older men to whom the younger could look up, and learn the true meaning and value of distinction. These, in a manner, were the advantages of an aristocracy. To hold them at their just weight, there were the compensating democratic advantages of training in the public schools. Here the boy learned to think of his city as the impartial mother of all, and rubbed his wits and shoulders against those of other boys of all degrees. The

trouble was with the boy himself, if the combining influences did not bring him early to some realization of "things as they are." The joint effect of these influences was clearly to be seen in Phillips Brooks. With his spirit of democracy were mingled some of the best qualities of the patrician; and these in turn could never so take possession of him as to make him forget that he and the man of humblest intellect and station were essentially brothers.

Of the outward circumstances of the boy's schooling it is not worth while to recall many details. He was sent first to the Adams School, and then to the Boston Latin School. The value he placed upon the training of this institution is fully set forth in the historical address he delivered at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding. To find himself in the same scholastic succession with Franklin, the Adamses, John Hancock, Emerson, Motley, Sum-

ner, and Phillips,—this alone must have been a strong inward stimulus to a boy keenly responsive to suggestion. Outwardly, he made himself remembered as one who wrought a just blending of study and play, taking part and pleasure in baseball games on the Common, but not in the sports or pranks which called forth the more boisterous elements of young human nature.

With the class of 1855 he entered Harvard College; and here his record followed naturally upon that of his school-days. Felton, Agassiz, and Longfellow were members of the strong teaching force, at the head of which stood President Walker, one of the men to whom Phillips Brooks felt himself most indebted. In general, the young man's scholarship was of fair but not exceptional rank. The single point in which he seems to have shown real distinction was that of writing: in this he proved and maintained an easy mastery.

In these days, also, he formed his habits and tastes of reading widely in the books best worth reading. As Browning—whose *Rabbi Ben Ezra* he never wearied of quoting—was, a few years later, the poet of his special admiration, in college it is said to have been Tennyson. *In Memoriam*—perhaps always the poem of all poems for which he cared most—had been published only a year before Phillips Brooks became a collegian; and the enthusiasm of such a youth for such a poem, still fresh to the world, is easy to imagine. But, apart from the more and less “humane letters” of the college course, there were other things which enlisted the healthy interest of the young man. As a single illustration of the fact that so early as this no human thing was utterly foreign to Phillips Brooks, one is not sorry to find his name on the programme of the Hasty Pudding Club theatricals of his class. In the catalogue

of alumni he might have seen that twenty-six men named Phillips and twenty-two named Brooks had received degrees from the college before his class of 1855. When his own graduation came, he had every reason to bear away from the four years of his Cambridge life and from all the years preceding them a deep-rooted loyalty to the *Alma Mater* which had given him of her fulness, and must be repaid out of his.

The year which followed the graduation of Phillips Brooks stands alone in the record of his life as a year of unmistakable failure. He became an usher in the Boston Latin School, still under the mastership of Francis Gardner, his own teacher. When he made the historical address to the alumni of the school in 1885, it must have been with a certain satisfaction that he repeated Mr. Gardner's opinion of the man who failed as a school-teacher,—that he could never succeed in any capacity.

So much wiser than Mr. Gardner—through no virtue of our own—are we of later years that we do not even like to think what might have happened if Phillips Brooks had succeeded as a school-teacher. It is good to know that his failure lay simply in his inability to discipline the more difficult boys: with the better pupils he was eminently a success. When his failure was apparent, and the authorities had found a man to take his place, he resigned in February and spent the remainder of the school year, without occupation, at his father's house.

Probably this was the very discipline which Phillips Brooks most needed at the time. It forced him to search his heart, and decide what was indeed the work for him to do in the world. Toward making this decision he sought the advice of Dr. Vinton and President Walker; and both of them, in common with every domestic influence and a

powerful inward impulse, urged him to enter the ministry. It was in compliance with the sage counsel of Dr. Vinton that he went for his theological education to the Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia. Harvard College had contributed its share of critical and scholarly elements to the training of this son of hers : it was something far different which the Alexandria Seminary had to give him. The distinguishing mark of this school was its evangelical fervor. A large percentage of its graduates became missionaries, and so "Low Church" were all its tendencies that a witty alumnus has seen fit to point out the astonishing fact that very few of his Alexandria brethren have become extreme ritualists. Most influential in the seminary was the Rev. Dr. William Sparrow, a man of great learning and piety, whose influence led Phillips Brooks many years later to describe him as "one of the three or four men whom I have known whom I look upon

with perpetual gratitude for the help and direction they have given to my life, and whose power I feel in forms of action and kinds of thought very different from those in which I had specifically to do with them." The man of whom these words could be written must have possessed some merely intellectual power above and beyond the average of intellect displayed at Alexandria. On his first night at the school the young Bostonian stood amazed at the religious zeal of the young men who poured out their souls at a prayer-meeting. On the next day, in the recitation-room, he was no less amazed to find these same young men entirely unprepared in their studies. "The boiler," as he afterward described the phenomenon, "had no connection with the engine." In Cambridge he had doubtless been more familiar with the spectacle of engines detached from boilers. From these new surroundings there were obvious ad-

vantages to be gained by a student for the ministry. Yet this one apparently never reconciled himself entirely to the change of atmosphere ; for, in his last year at the seminary, he wrote to an intimate friend, whose course was completed : " When are you coming to see us ? Leave your intellect behind : you won't need it here." Against the bodily discomforts of the place, the young student had corresponding grounds for complaint. The present Bishop of New York, we are told, took pity on the tall new-comer assigned to a room in which he could not stand up and a bed from which his feet protruded far, and gave him the freedom of his own quarters. Others also have borne witness to the immediate recognition of his power as a writer. Until a special task called for the exercise of this gift, it was not remarked that his talents were extraordinary ; but here, as at Cambridge, he showed at once that in the writing of his mother tongue he

stood supreme among his fellows. Here, too, in some sonnets read before the seminary Rhetorical Society, he revealed the presence of that poetic endowment upon which many would have been glad to see him call more frequently than for the carols with which he supplied his Sunday-schools from time to time. At least one of these — “O Little Town of Bethlehem,” written for the Sunday-school of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia,—has taken a definite place in the religious poetry of the language. Every preacher, he believed, must be something of a poet; and scattered everywhere through the sermons of Phillips Brooks are the fragments which show us how he lived up to this article of his belief.

It was in the neighborhood of Alexandria that the great preacher made his humble beginnings at preaching. Three miles from the seminary was a chapel, attended for the most part by “poor

whites," to whom the students rendered a half-fledged ministry. Mr. Brooks himself used to tell of the response he elicited from a countryman of the region by an invitation to attend the chapel services: "Stranger, we don't like you fellows comin' down and practizin' on us." If, however, one were to believe and recount all the anecdotes of Phillips Brooks, the writing of books far larger than this one would be called for. The obscure Virginia chapel would be at once an important scene of story. On the one hand, it is said, and probably with truth, that the first efforts of the untried speaker filled him with discouragement. On the other, probably with more of romance than of accuracy, we hear of the ignominious defeat which he visited upon an "opposition party" in the chapel, headed by a Northern unbeliever, who finally was brought with all but one of his followers to baptism and confirmation. The report of this tri-

umph, we also hear, brought from Philadelphia the representatives of the first parish of which Phillips Brooks had charge. They listened to his preaching, the story goes, and begged him on the spot to become their minister. This is not an incident to which the reader is asked to give entire credence; but, like many another anecdote of Phillips Brooks, it is true in spirit, if not in letter, and might even be classed with the stories which ought to be true if they are not. The present writer, however, does not set himself to deal with doubtful statements, but prefers to bring to an end this hasty review of the seminary days with the prophetic words of one of the Alexandria professors: "That young man is fitted for any position that the Church has to give him."

III.

IN 1859 Phillips Brooks finished his seminary course, was ordained deacon on July 1 by Bishop Meade of Virginia, and immediately took charge of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia. He would not pledge himself at first to more than three months of service, so honestly doubtful was he of his ability to satisfy the parishioners. How seriously he took the work to which he felt called, we may infer from his words spoken nearly twenty years later: "I can remember how, as I looked forward to preaching, every book I read and every man I talked with seemed to teem with sermons. They all suggested something which it seemed as if the preacher of the gospel ought to say to men." What he felt this something to be, we may know from these other words of his concerning the true interpreter of God to men: "He looks into their faces as if he

saw behind each of them another face, which shone through theirs, and gave to their sordidness its dignity and value."

With such conceptions of the work he had to do, together with his inborn qualifications for doing it, there was of course but one possible ending for his first three months at the little church in the unfashionable portion of the city where the Advent stood. The young rector pledged himself to the parish for a year, and, when this was done, remained for about one year more in the same place. He was ordained to the priesthood on May 27, 1860.

During his rectorship of the Advent, he was wont to say, he received from a German, for the only time in his ministry, a refusal of admission to a house he wished to visit as a clergyman. But here, on the other hand, may be placed the familiar anecdote of his finding a poor mother taking care of a sick child, for whom he insisted upon caring himself

while the woman went for a walk in the fresh air. It is also of this time that a clerical contemporary and lifelong friend tells of walking home from church one day with Mr. Brooks after he had preached a sermon intended to bring consolation into lives that were crushed with sad experiences all unknown to him. The friend expressed a wonder at his ability to speak as he had spoken of things of which he must be ignorant; "and his answer," says the friend, "comes back to me often with the little preluding laugh that never hid his earnestness from those who knew him,— 'Oh, well, don't you think a fellow can put himself in other people's place, and see how they must feel?' " This was a power which he never ceased to exhibit. "Knowing the burdened man's burden just because of the unpressed lightness of his own shoulders, feeling the sick man's pain all the more because his own flesh never knew an ache,"— these words

from his sermon, "The Choice Young Man," written many years later, explain more fully than his off-hand answer on the Philadelphia street the power of comprehending sympathy which he always possessed. To rich and poor, in public and in private, he gave freely of the fruits of this power, and often, we may be sure, without knowing how much he gave. To its value for those who needed it most there was perhaps no better testimony than that which Dr. Holmes, after a great bereavement late in his life, paid to the preacher by leaving his own church and coming Sunday after Sunday to hear what the sermons of Phillips Brooks might say to him.

It was a fortunate circumstance for Phillips Brooks and for Philadelphia that, at the time of his coming there, Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, the friend who already more than once had exerted the right influence at the right moment, was the rector of Holy Trinity Church,

one of the most prominent parishes of the city. From the very first, Dr. Vinton believed in Phillips Brooks. Accordingly, he often asked the young man to occupy his pulpit on Sunday afternoons. The two results of this preaching were that many members of the Holy Trinity parish went frequently to the distant Church of the Advent for evening and other services, and that when Dr. Vinton in 1861 was called to St. Mark's in the Bowery, in New York, Mr. Brooks was asked and asked again to take his place, and after less than three years in the ministry found himself in charge of the important church on Rittenhouse Square. The prompt obtaining of high military rank by some of the youths who entered the Civil War was hardly more remarkable than this rapid elevation of the young clergyman.

The Civil War was well begun when Phillips Brooks took up his new duties.

They and it and he were soon found to occupy the closest possible relations to one another. In his own definition, Philadelphia represented the "temperate zone of religious life"; but it lay far too near the equator of warfare to be temperate in all things connected with the Rebellion. Loyal as the city clearly proved itself, it harbored many "Southern sympathizers," especially in the walks of society from which the congregation of Holy Trinity was mainly drawn. I have heard it said of another Episcopal church in Philadelphia that in the war-time the clergyman could not read the prayer for the President without causing a rustle of silken skirts worn by ladies who insisted at this point upon rising from their knees. To set one's self in public and in private uncompromisingly on the side of the North was a far more difficult thing in Philadelphia than in Boston. But such a New Englander as Phillips Brooks could stand only

where he stood upon the questions of that day, and no New Englander could have stood there more firmly. One who was closely associated with him then, and in earlier and later days, has written thus of his attitude: "He was ever ready to speak, to work, to set others working. He encountered blizzards of prejudice and virulence. Vestrymen protested, judges who were parishioners ceased to be judicial, rich pew-holders clamored, pot-house politicians raged, fine ladies carped and sneered, pleaded and cajoled. None of these things moved him. He went his way, spoke his word, did his deed, and bore himself like a simple king."

To the same authority we owe the record of an outward deed in which Phillips Brooks bore a characteristic part. Lee's army before Harrisburg was supposed to be threatening Philadelphia itself. Yet the city was preparing absolutely no means of defence.

A few clergymen, among them Mr. Brooks, decided one Monday morning that something must be done at once, and that they must do it. It was the time when a number of ministerial societies were holding their weekly meetings. To all of these were sent copies of a paper in which the clergy of the city should offer their physical services for its defence. The response was immediate. About a hundred ministers, with Mr. Brooks and an aged Presbyterian at their head, presented themselves at the mayor's office, and begged to be employed in throwing up earthworks. While waiting for orders, they bought spades and other necessities; but, what was more important, the municipal authorities and the laity took the hint, and set about the work they were ashamed to leave entirely in clerical hands.

When the good news from Gettysburg reached Philadelphia, Phillips Brooks interrupted the morning service to an-

nounce it to his people. On the following Thanksgiving Day he preached on "The Mercies of Reoccupation." It needed the vision of an optimist to see much of good in those troubled years, and precisely what the title of the sermon meant many must have been puzzled at first to know. But he did not leave them long in doubt that "the re-entrance into the principles and fundamental truths of the nationality which they inherited" seemed to him to outbalance many losses, and that "the reoccupation of the disused duties and privileges of justice and liberty and human brotherhood" was indeed a mercy. No less than for all these things was he thankful for Abraham Lincoln, "so honest, so true, so teachable at the lips of the Almighty."

Between Lincoln and Phillips Brooks many men have taken pleasure in tracing spiritual resemblances. In the largeness of their sincerity, in the sim-

plicity and directness of their natures, there were indeed certain elements of likeness. The words which the preacher applied to the President might without too great a strain have been said of the preacher himself: "There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom." But for one man to recognize the power and to feel strongly drawn to the personality of another is not necessarily to be like that other, and it may fairly be questioned whether the resemblance between these two men will bear any close analysis. Certain it is that Phillips Brooks lacked nothing of appreciation for everything that Lincoln was and did. One who spent the morning with Mr. Brooks after the news of the President's assassination came has written to me, "His grief was intense—in fact, too great to express." Yet he

soon expressed it in a noble eulogy delivered in Holy Trinity Church. From this it is worth while to transcribe the few words which show perhaps most clearly how positive were the convictions of the preacher on the chief issue of the Civil War: "By all the goodness that there was in him, by all the love we had for him,—and who shall tell how great it was?—by all the sorrow that has burdened down this desolate and dreadful week, I charge his murder where it belongs,—on Slavery. I bid you to remember where the charge belongs, to write it on the door-posts of your mourning-houses, to teach it to your wondering children, to give it to the history of these times, that all times to come may hate and dread the sin that killed our noblest President." Are these the words of the all-tolerant Phillips Brooks? Yes, and all the more his for illustrating clearly his belief that the truest tolerance is based upon a full knowledge of the evils which

it is called upon to bear. Entirely, too, are the words his own in another way ; for they show the fulness of his appreciation for the man whom it is not too fanciful to place—quite apart from resemblances—beside and with the few to whom Phillips Brooks owed a personal debt for the formation of his completed manhood.

When the war was over, and Mr. Brooks had taken the part we have seen him play in the Harvard Commemoration service,—a part perhaps the more strenuous because of the loss of one of his brothers in the great struggle,—he stood in sore need of rest, and proceeded at once to take it in the first of his many journeys abroad. For nearly thirty years he made it his practice to go abroad every other summer, serving his parish each alternate year through all the months when many city clergymen are following their congregations into the country and woods. Two of his journeys—this first one and another

in 1882-83—lasted each for more than a year. It was on the second of these long journeys that he went as far as India; and in the summer of 1889 he and his friend, Dr. (now Bishop) Mc-Vickar, made their way to Japan. For most clergymen many of these travels would have been impossible; but Mr. Brooks had the wisdom to put his freedom from all domestic cares, and the means which were always at his disposal, to the best of uses. “Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits”; and, as the years went on, there is no doubt whatever that the effect of contact with humanity in all countries and under all conditions was to make broader and broader the sympathy of Phillips Brooks with all mankind. He was making a good beginning when, out of his first experiences in foreign lands, he wrote to a lifelong friend, “O, Charles, you should be over here, if only to see what a little thing the

Protestant Episcopal Church looks, seen from this distance !”

In this first journey of all, it is highly interesting to observe what the young traveller took with him. Study and understanding had prepared him to receive impressions which would have been utterly lost upon the unfit. Especially in Palestine does he reveal his preparedness for travel; for all his letters show him as the close student of the Bible, walking for the first time among the scenes which had already become essentially real to him. Because he took so much, of course he was capable of bringing back the more. Living memories of many places and things returned with him, delightful recollections of delightful persons,—Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Gaskell, Dean Milman in England; Motley in Vienna; Story in Rome, engaged upon the statue of Edward Everett, now standing in the Boston Public Garden, but then failing to impress the young

traveller with its dignity, "for he has only got one trouser on,"—to quote from a letter to Mr. Brooks's father,—
"and is very much in the condition of 'Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.'"
Most serious, on the other hand, are the impressions made by certain sights. At Dresden he sees the "Madonna di San Sisto," and writes home: "I will not say anything about it, because there is no use trying to tell what a man feels who has been waiting to enjoy something for fifteen years, and, when it comes, finds it is something unspeakably beyond what he had dreamed." A beautiful copy of the picture, by the way, hung in front of his study desk through all the last years of his life. In Egypt he says: "I went and stood in the shadow of the Sphinx, and looked up into her vast stone face. If the Pyramids are great in their way, she is a thousand times greater in hers, as the grandest and most ex-

pressive monument of a religion in the world." In 1879, thirteen years later, he uses his remembrance of the Dresden Madonna and the Sphinx to illustrate, in a lecture to Philadelphia divinity students, the contrasts between the religions of the West and of the East. "The Sphinx has life in her human face written into a riddle, a puzzle, a mocking bewilderment. The Virgin's face is full of a mystery we cannot fathom, but it unfolds to us a thousand of the mysteries of life. It does not mock, but blesses us. The Egyptian woman is alone amid the sands, to be worshipped, not loved. The Christian woman has her child clasped in her arms, enters into the societies and sympathies of men, and claims no worship except love." These citations will justify themselves, if they show with what permanence and to what good purpose the impressions of Mr. Brooks's travels entered into the

work of his life. Perhaps even a more vivid showing of the inter-relation between what he saw and what he thought could be made by comparing passages from his letters from India with his uttered opinions at home in unwavering support of foreign missions.

Our present concern, however, is with the rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, who did not return to his parish until the autumn of 1866. The long rest fitted him for taking up his duties—which to a rare degree were also his pleasures—with great heartiness. In the absurd demonstrations in Philadelphia against letting negroes ride in the street cars, Mr. Brooks was found precisely where his path through the war-time must have led him,—on the side of the race which Lincoln had set free. Regarding another phenomenon of Philadelphia streets, we are told that he rejoiced in the fact that the city was so laid out, with streets of small houses

between the avenues of the rich, that the poor could never be lost to sight. For them and for the rich he labored with an equal zeal. As the report of these labors spread abroad, the opportunities to go elsewhere began to arise. One of them brought with it the possibility of a quieter life in the presidency of Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio. But the quieter life never appealed so strongly to Mr. Brooks as the turmoil of the city; and in this case there was an additional reason for declining the proffered place. "His chin dropped into his collar," writes a friend who recalls the act of decision; and he said, "'No! they wouldn't let me have free swing, and I wouldn't take the post unless they did.'" The call to assume the rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston, must have carried with it a more hopeful promise of the "free swing"; for in November of 1869 he began the rectorship which filled the greater part of his

active life and is more closely associated than any other work with his name.

IV.

THE call to Boston was something far more to Phillips Brooks than a mere call to a new parish. It was a summons home. Though Trinity Church was not the church of his boyhood, its parishioners might almost as well have been the families he had known at St. Paul's ; for they represented practically the same element in Boston society. The individuals, however, could hardly have drawn him so strongly from congenial surroundings and wide opportunities in Philadelphia as the fact that Boston was the city of his birth. What this means to every Bostonian like Phillips Brooks, hardly any one but such a Bostonian can realize. If any proof were needed to show that his love for the place was something far beyond a mere sentimental feeling, it would be necessary only to look at such of his writings as "A Century of Church Growth," in the *Memo-*

rial History of Boston, his addresses at the two hundred and fiftieth commemoration of the founding of the First Church in Boston and the similar celebration at the Boston Latin School, at his historical sermon when the new Trinity Church was completed, and at his many utterances with reference to Harvard College. They all reveal the mind of one who not only loved, but knew his native city, its past and its present. On returning from one of his trips abroad, he is said to have exclaimed, "There is nothing on earth so good as being a minister in the city of Boston." And very shortly before his death, according to the same reporter of his words, he said to one of his friends, "What do you suppose I have been doing to-day? Why, just walking around Boston and looking at the streets and the people." Even Walt Whitman could not have taken a truer delight in his Manahatta. Yet the call to the new

parish, like the earlier call to the one he was leaving, could not be accepted until it was urged upon him so strongly that nothing but acceptance was possible. One may well imagine that among the persistent Boston vestrymen who would not take No for an answer were some of those who had been present at the Harvard Commemoration.

The old sexton of Trinity Church, Boston, to which Phillips Brooks came in 1869, is remembered for consistently driving the poor into the galleries and giving to rich visitors the vacant seats on the floor. If he did this, it was by a tacit or expressed permission of the authorities ; and it is hardly necessary to say more of the condition of formalism into which the parish had been brought, even by rectors of so many good abilities as Bishop Eastburn's. Evidently, just such an one as Phillips Brooks was needed to bring a new spirit into the old gray, square-towered church in Summer

Street. The spirit which he brought to the parish, however, was soon seen to be too expansive for the old building. Before the end of 1870 a special meeting of the "Proprietors" was called to consider the expediency of building in another part of the city. It was promptly decided to leave the old church, the legislature authorized the action, land was bought in the new Back Bay region, competitive designs for the building were invited, bodies were removed from tombs under the old structure, when the great fire of 1872 destroyed the building and left the parish no alternative but to carry out its well-formed plans. On the night of November 10 Phillips Brooks worked with a will at rescuing movable things, and was one of the very last to leave the doomed building. Mural tablets to Bishop Parker and Bishop Griswold were destroyed ; but the old Bible was saved from the desk, and from the walls a tablet to the memory of Dr. Gar-

diner. It was as if a part of the past had been seized from the burning and carried on into the future.

It was indeed a large future for which the parish, following at every point the guidance of its rector, was preparing itself. He it was who more than any one else saw the attendant possibilities. Henry Hobson Richardson, the architect of the new church, physically his fellow and personally his intimate friend, found in Mr. Brooks a sympathetic and large-minded collaborator. From the very beginning the preacher impressed himself upon the building in which his words were most frequently to be heard, and at the end it was found that his will set aside \$2,000 from his somewhat narrow fortune toward the completion of the front of the church. This has now been done ; and it were well for all who look upon the finished structure to realize how largely the living personality of Phillips Brooks concerned itself with

every detail for the building, from the preliminary drawings of the architect to the final interior decorations of his other friend, Mr. John La Farge. "A man has no right," the preacher once exclaimed in scorn, "to give to the tint of his parlor walls that anxiety of thought which belongs only to the justification of the ways of God to man." But to the walls of Trinity, Phillips Brooks, always keeping clear the distinction between means and ends, could and did give of his most effective thinking.

The first pile for the new church was driven April 21, 1873; the last stone in the tower was laid in July of 1876; and on February 9, 1877, the furnishing and interior decorations having been meanwhile accomplished, the church was consecrated. For this occasion the preacher, by a special appropriateness, was the Rev. Dr. Vinton. The friend of his boyhood and of the chief crises of his manhood thus stood with Phillips

Brooks upon the new threshold of his broadening career, and gave him God-speed into his great future.

Before proceeding to see just how this future unfolded itself, we may well pause for a moment to look at a hasty, spontaneous picture drawn by one quite unprepared for the preaching he describes. The time of the sketch is in the period between the burning of the old church and the completion of the new,—a time when Trinity parish was using Huntington Hall in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for its services. The hand which drew the picture was that of Principal John Tulloch of St. Andrews University in Scotland, travelling in America in 1874, and writing thus from Boston to his wife: “I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I have ever heard in my life,—I use the word in no American sense,—from Mr. Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman here; equal to the best of

Frederick Robertson's sermons, with a vigor and force of thought which he has not always. I have never heard preaching like it, and you know how slow I am to praise preachers. So much thought and so much life combined, such a reach of mind, and such a depth of insight and soul. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted."

V.

THESE words of Principal Tulloch's have to do with Phillips Brooks solely as a preacher. Still regarding him entirely in this light, it may be said that the year 1877 stood out with a special prominence in his career. Not only was it marked by the completion of the new Trinity Church, but in a way perhaps even more intimate and significant,—by the delivery of his *Lectures on Preaching* at the Divinity School of Yale College. The volume containing these lectures tells us far more about Phillips Brooks himself than the most speaking volume of his sermons. It is, in effect, the *apologia pro sua vitâ*. In it he explains himself by setting forth, at once minutely and broadly, his ideals for preaching and preachers. As a book, of course it is intended for clerical readers ; but it is written with such a delightful blending of wisdom with the quiet humor which

eminently belonged to its author, and contains so plentiful a measure of truth and sincerity, that it is a book for no one class. The clergy, one may well imagine, might prefer to have the laity leave it alone; for it sets standards of clerical purpose and achievement which, to say the least, are not commonly attained. In forming any true estimate of Phillips Brooks, the *Lectures on Preaching* must inevitably be taken into account. With the two lectures on *Tolerance*, delivered ten years later to the students of several of the Episcopal theological schools in the country, it provides the best possible background for considering Phillips Brooks in his pulpit. To write about him at all, without making some special scrutiny of his individual qualities as a preacher, would be to shirk an obvious duty.

At the very beginning of his Lectures to the Yale students, Mr. Brooks insisted that real preaching was the expression

of "Truth through Personality." Of these two elements every true sermon must be compounded. The excess or the defect of either quality at the expense of the other causes the sermon to be less truly a sermon than it should and might be. If this, then, is preaching, what is to be said of the preaching of Phillips Brooks in the light of his own definition?

In the first place, what was the truth as he saw it? It was eminently a simple thing. It lay for him within the formulæ of the Church, but did not press itself violently against the boundaries of all these formulæ. "The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" has become a cant phrase, but perhaps there is no other which sums up more succinctly the tenets of the Christian faith which Phillips Brooks most delighted to emphasize. The shortcoming of the phrase is that it does not bind together the brotherhood and the father-

hood to which it refers by the strong link of sonship through Jesus Christ. It was in the workings of this relationship that the preacher's faith in both God and man was strongest. Because he left the complexities of belief to others, he could hold the most positive convictions himself, and could advise the beginners in the ministry : "Preach positively what you believe. Never preach what you do not believe, or deny what you do believe." Doctrine and dogma have come to be regarded as words of danger and rigidity. The advice of Phillips Brooks was, "Preach doctrine, preach all the doctrine that you know, and learn forever more and more ; but preach it always, not that men may believe, but that men may be saved by believing it." The subjects of sermons were, in his opinion, to be "mostly eternal truths, and let the timeliness come in the illustration of those truths by, and their application to, the events of current life."

Thus, indeed, it was the simplest truth of the gospel which he felt himself called to proclaim, not a bundle of separate messages for separate classes of men. The very same sermon could serve its purpose for him at Wellesley College and at the Concord State's Prison. A Boston minister, invited to address about eight hundred physicians at a dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Association, has told of his remarking to Mr. Brooks, "I don't know what under the sun to say," and of receiving the characteristic response: "It doesn't make much difference what you say, so you do not say what they expect. Preach the gospel." This was what he himself always stood ready to do, and the most and the least critical were equally ready to hear him. At one time during an early "Moody and Sankey revival" in Boston, Mr. Moody was ill, and Mr. Brooks was asked to preach in his place. The great "tabernacle" put up for the services was

thronged; and, as the people poured out of it, one man, typical of the thousands who were present, was heard to say: "Why, here we have a preacher of our own just as good as Moody." Mr. Brooks indeed was often at his best—even according to the standards of the fastidious—before such miscellaneous gatherings of the "unchurched" as he found at the Sunday evening services at Faneuil Hall, the Globe Theatre, and the Grand Opera House. Once, when he was asked in England what sermon he was going to preach on a certain Sunday, his natural response was, "Oh, I have only one sermon." And, truly, through everything he said and wrote, one message, one simple interpretation of spiritual truth as he saw it to men as he knew them, might have been traced. The appeal of his message was not only to the mind, not only to the heart, but, in these perfectly chosen words of his own, "to that spiritual

reason which is no special function of the nature, but is the best action of the whole nature working together, the affection and the will being partners of the brain."

This definition of the receptive faculties of his hearers shows something of his understanding of their natures. His knowledge of men was probably even exceeded by his faith in them. To appreciate fully the qualities of his preaching and of his feeling about preaching in general, it is necessary to give quite as much thought to his belief in men as to his faith in God. When he found that his complete trust in any individual had been misplaced, we are told that his sense of personal grief and loss was almost as great as if a part of his belief in the Deity had been taken away from him. His own words from the lecture on "The Ministry for our Age" define the constant attitude of his mind and spirit toward his fellow-men, and un-

consciously define himself: "There is in every man's heart, if you could only trust it, a power of appreciating genuine spiritual truth, of being moved into unselfish gratitude by the love of God. Continually he who trusts it finds it there. A hundred men stand like the Spanish magnates on the shore, and say: 'You must not venture far away. There is no land beyond. Stay here, and develop what we have.' One brave and truthful man like Columbus believes that the complete world is complete, and sails for a fair land beyond the sea, and finds it. The minister who succeeds is the minister who, in the midst of a sordid age, trusts the heart of man who is the child of God, and knows that it is not all sordid, and boldly speaks to it of God, his Father, as if he expected it to answer. And it does answer; and other preachers who have not believed in man, and have talked to him in low planes, and preached to him

half-gospels which they think were all that he could stand, look on, and wonder at their brother-preacher's unaccountable success."

A score of other passages from the *Lectures on Preaching* might advantageously be taken to illustrate points of positive biographical interest. To the sermons themselves less than to these lectures on sermons may we look for the motives which underlay the preaching—that is to say, the life—of Phillips Brooks. The sermons were the separate expressions of the general principles, which, as occasion required, he set forth in lectures for the guidance of his younger brothers in the ministry. The lectures on *Tolerance* contain one passage so characteristic of Phillips Brooks in his estimate of the truth to be blended with his personality into sermons that the reader will surely prefer it to any recasting of its definition of a man's relation to his fellow-men.

“Every true Churchman,—that is, every man who truly values his place in the Christian Church,—it seems to me, must think of himself as standing in the midst of four concentric circles. He is the centre of them all. They represent the different groups of his fellow-men with whom he has to do. They sweep in widening circumference around the spot of earth on which he stands, and make the different horizons of his life. What are they? Outermost of all there is the broad circle of humanity. All men, simply as men, are something to this man. It is the consciousness *homo sum*, the consciousness which the Latin poet crowded into his immortal line, which fills this circle with vitality. Next within this lies the circle of religion, smaller than the other, because all men are not religious, but large enough to include all those of every name, of every creed, who count their life the subject and the care of

a divine life which is their king. Next within this lies the circle of Christianity, including all those who — under any conception of Him and of their duty toward Him — honestly own for their Master Jesus Christ. And then, inmost of all, there is the circle of the man's own peculiar Church, the group of those whose thought and worship is in general identical with his who stands in the centre, and feels all these four circles surrounding him." Intensely feeling the reality of his relation to the men within all four of those circles, the preacher could confidently declare, "I cannot live truly with the men of my own Church unless I also have a consciousness of common life with all Christian believers, with all religious men, with all mankind." Who shall say that the true secret of his power lay anywhere but in the universal sympathy out of which these words are spoken? Through this very belief of his in all

mankind, he could preach with the greater zeal his other belief: "Not man with religion is something more, but man without religion is something less than man."

It will be clear to every reader with a regard for the things to which the life of Phillips Brooks was devoted that his view of these things was entirely inspiring and uplifting. No wonder, it may well be said, that beliefs so human and magnanimous found their utterance in words so capable of stirring the heart of man. It was indeed as he told the theological students at New Haven: "Let a man be a true preacher, really uttering the truth through his own personality, and it is strange how men will gather to listen to him. We hear that the day of the pulpit is past; and then some morning the voice of a true preacher is heard in the land, and all the streets are full of men crowding to hear him, just exactly as were the streets of

Constantinople when Chrysostom was going to preach at the Church of the Apostles, or the streets of London when Latimer was bravely telling his truth at St. Paul's." Now that the words which men thronged to hear from the lips of Phillips Brooks can reach us only through the medium of print, it is easier to appreciate the wisdom which he displayed in giving to Personality an importance equal to that of Truth as a quality of the sermon. On many sides the complaint is heard that the sermons of Phillips Brooks are disappointing reading; and so, in a measure, they certainly are. Especially for one who never saw him in the pulpit, and is consequently unable to bring the visualizing memory to bear upon the printed page, must the need of the personality make itself felt. "Now and then," said Mr. Brooks himself, "you do find a volume of sermons which, as it were, keep their author in them, so that, as

you read them, you feel him present in the room. But, ordinarily, reading sermons is like listening to an echo." The echo in the world of nature loses half its interest, if the voice to which it responds is unheard or unknown. In like manner for those who have known Phillips Brooks, by no means the least interest and value of the printed sermons lie in their service as a sort of magic glass through which the reader can look, and see and hear the preacher at the height of his living power, can "feel him present in the room" as other readers cannot. I am the more inclined to believe this is true, and to be sorry for those who in reading the sermons are unable to associate the Personality with the Truth, because of my own experience in finding the far greater satisfaction in sermons which I first heard from the preacher's own lips. Other sermons may be intrinsically better ; but in these the human voice may be most clearly

heard, the human presence most definitely realized. And, because this is true, one is willing to admit at once that the sermons, for all their revelations of spiritual insight and an excellently ordered mind, may not be important contributions to theology or really extraordinary as feats of the intellect. "The affection and the will being partners of the brain," one may nevertheless find in them, whether the preacher's figure rises up behind the page or not, many things which must appeal with potency to the "spiritual reason." A purely practical suggestion to him who would come nearest to getting their original effect is that they should be read with all possible rapidity. They were written to be spoken so ; and reading them in the same way, bearing the while with certain repetitions and elaborations which belong more truly to words for the ear than to words for the eye, any one may gain a certain conception of their original effect.

At best, however, this conception must be inadequate. The actual personality of the preacher was essential to the full force of what he had to say. Let us try to see through what medium the truth as he saw it was delivered to men. In the great round pulpit of Trinity Church, inviting its occupant to look out in every direction except behind him, the figure of Phillips Brooks comes most familiarly to mind. Six feet four inches in height, symmetrically massive of figure, clad in the black Geneva gown, of which the shadow happily grows less each year in the pulpits of the Episcopal church, he moves with swift dignity to his place. The text is announced in a quiet voice, sometimes too low to reach all corners of the great structure; and the sermon begins on the same gentle pitch. Woe to him whose ears are not quick to hear, for though the volume of voice increases as the sermon proceeds, the speed of delivery begins at a maxi-

mum, in keeping with his habit of plunging into the very midst of his subject, and taxes the unaccustomed listener to the utmost. The average speaker gives forth about 120 words to the minute: from 190 to 215 are said to have poured from the lips of Phillips Brooks in the same space of time. But the gradual raising of the voice, together with a remarkable clearness of enunciation, diminishes the difficulty of keeping pace with the speaker's extraordinary speed. The voice itself may perhaps best be described as carrying with it rather too much breath to satisfy the most fastidious, yet so full of sympathy, tenderness, pleading, and conviction as to make one quite impatient of the elocutionary standards which would condemn it. The gestures are as nothing. A raising of the hand and pressing it to the side, a toss of the head as if in protest against the human limitations which place any barrier, physical or mental, between

man and the utterance of truth to him,—these are all. If the total effect is not eloquence of the highest order, one knows not what to call it.

Such are the tangible expressions of the personality which rises before the mind, remembering Phillips Brooks. This personality expresses itself, however, in another manner not quite so obvious, yet intimately connected with an important phase of the preacher's conception of the truth. What he believed with his mind about men's capacity for spiritual things he seemed to declare by his mere physical presence. "How often," writes Bishop Clark, "I have heard him say, 'I love to preach'!" In talking about "The Teaching of Religion," Mr. Brooks once said: "A man will dig his ditch better if he knows and cares for the great plan of giving the thirsty city water. Still, he *can* dig his ditch for his dollar a day. But a man cannot really preach at all unless he

knows why he preaches, unless he is in some degree eager to make men know the Christ whom he knows." This very love of preaching, based upon a thorough belief in what he had to say and in the need of men to hear it, shone out through him whenever he rose to speak, and gave to his words a power of convincing which the words of a man less completely convinced in his own heart could not carry with them. Mr. Brooks, we are told, preferred never to speak without preparation, and we may be perfectly sure that he never fell into what he counted "the crowning disgrace of a man's ministry," — writing his sermons on Saturday night; but whether he read the sermon from his fluently written manuscript or spoke it without recourse to notes of any kind, he added to the truth with which he dealt the winning and compelling power of his irresistible personality. Illustrating all his own definitions of good preaching

and true preachers, he stood in his pulpit before and above his generation as the very messenger of God to man.

VI.

THE personality of Phillips Brooks displayed itself in many ways outside of the pulpit. The qualities of the preacher, to be sure, were those which most clearly distinguished him from men in general ; but it would be entirely unfair to ignore the other qualities through which he expressed his nature. How pre-eminently he preferred to think of himself as the preacher rather than the writer or speaker or anything else may be inferred from this suggestion to theological students : "I think that it is good for every minister to write something besides sermons,—books, articles, essays, at least letters,—provided he has control of himself and still remains the preacher, and does not become an amateur in literature instead." His own control of himself in this direction was most rigid. On one occasion, of which the present writer happens to know, a

Christmas carol which Mr. Brooks wrote for his Sunday-school was secured for publication in a secular periodical for the young. The publishers could do nothing less than to send him a liberal check for the few stanzas, asking that it might be applied to the purposes of the Sunday-school; but the check came promptly back with thanks and so courteously firm a note that the "incident was closed." Mr. Brooks was evidently not to be enticed into forgetting for an instant that he was a minister, and not a minor poet. And thus in all the varied functions of his life he was consistently himself.

To the complaint that he lacked the administrative faculties needed by the modern city clergyman, there was always a sufficient reply in the mere existence of St. Andrew's chapel, established by Trinity Church, of the Trinity House, the Trinity Club, the industrial and employment societies of the parish, the

flourishing Sunday-school, and many other expressions of parochial activity. If there was one thing which he especially resented at the later time when all his motives and actions were vigorously scrutinized, it was the charge that his executive ability was weak. It is true, the details of parish management were often committed to other hands; but the very best of administrators frequently are those who best know how to utilize the abilities of others. A part of the wisdom Mr. Brooks displayed in administering his parish lay in expending his own force where it could do most good,—in the pulpit,—and in placing much of the other work precisely where it could best be performed. The parish itself found no fault with his methods. The state of feeling constantly existing between him and them was indeed well indicated—so far as outward things reveal inward—by the attempt upon one occasion to make the rector's salary

larger, and by his absolute refusal to listen to any such proposition. It was for many activities besides preaching, however, that his energies were reserved. His accessibility to all comers at all hours was so well known as to bring down upon him many "devastators of the day." When he became a bishop, and was urged to adopt office hours in order to shield himself from innumerable visitors, he exclaimed, "God save the day when they won't come to me!" and held his time no less at the disposal of every one who might ask for it. With his correspondence the same principle was pursued. No matter how trivial the letters which poured in upon him day by day, he made himself accountable for answers to them all. His own handwriting was uncommonly clear, and one is not sorry to hear that the righteous indignation of which he was thoroughly capable sometimes showed itself when illegible letters came to him.

“What right has that man to save his time in writing badly and steal mine?” And, again to quote from Bishop Lawrence’s report of his predecessor’s words : “What a bit of self-conceit on the part of that student that he should think that what he writes is worth my while to decipher !” Yet the probability is that the ill-written words were not only deciphered, but considerately answered.

If the offending student was an undergraduate at Harvard, Phillips Brooks could have been nothing but lenient to him. The college for many years was practically his second parish. In its hold upon his affections, it probably stood second to no institution of whatever sort. All the force of hereditary and youthful homage bound it closely to him ; and the college in turn bound him to itself by its pride in everything he did for it, from offering the prayer at the Commemoration service to delivering the sermon at the two hundred and

fiftieth anniversary and becoming one of its "University Preachers." There was undoubtedly a reason, stronger than that of mere association, for this interest of Phillips Brooks in Harvard College. Bishop Lawrence has told us of "one great overhanging disappointment which weighed upon him in some of his darker moments, and which drove him to some of his most desperate work." The disappointment "was that, with some exceptions, the best and strongest manhood did not come into the fulness of communion with Jesus Christ." To one who believed with the intensity of Phillips Brooks both in man and in God, the realization of this fact must indeed have brought moments of bitterness. But it is evident that with them must have come the determination to reach the men in whom he believed, and to do it before they had come to years of inflexibility. Harvard College, his own *Alma Mater*, was at his very doors, crowded

with the youth who year after year were stepping out into the foremost ranks of American manhood. It was an opportunity from which Phillips Brooks would have been the last to turn away, even if the college had ever shown the slightest disposition to let him do so.

In 1870, only one year after Mr. Brooks came to Boston from Philadelphia, he was made an overseer of the college, and in later years, broken only by the intervals prescribed by law, was twice re-elected. President Eliot has made public record of his support of all changes in the college regulations which should enlarge the freedom of the students, simplify their living, and develop their capacity for self-control. When the appointment of instructors came before the board, Mr. Brooks never raised questions of the religious, political, or philosophical views of the applicant, but feared the effect of a pessimistic or cynical temper, and tried to protect

the college from its baleful influence. Three times, in the agitation in favor of voluntary chapel, he voted against abandoning the old compulsory system ; but in the end his vote was cast in favor of the present method. "In the existing state of college opinion on the subject," he declared, "I can no longer have anything to do with compulsory prayers."

In 1877 the college bestowed upon him the degree of S.T.D. ; and Mr. Brooks—who heard the news of it in Europe—wrote home to his mother, "I am very sensible of the honor, but hope people will not begin to call me by the title." Nor did they, nor even after the dignity of "Doctor" was elevated to that of "Bishop," was it possible for those who really knew him to stop thinking, and usually speaking, of him simply as Mr. Brooks. It was in 1881 that the title of Professor Brooks was offered to him ; and, as the offer

came from Harvard College, and held out not only the Plummer Professorship of Christian Morals, but also the post of Preacher to the University, it was not a proposition to be carelessly dismissed. After a few days of consideration Mr. Brooks came to President Eliot to ask if the corporation fully understood that he was a Trinitarian. The president told him that the question was not one of creed,—the college wanted him, no matter what his beliefs might be. After a week of further consideration he came again to the president, and told him he could not accept the offer. But, in the words of President Eliot, “he was very pale and grave, and he spoke like a man who had seen a beatific vision which he could not pursue. Before we parted, he had assured me that he would do everything in his power, short of leaving Trinity Church and Boston, to further the religious work of the university. That promise he amply re-

deemed." Well skilled in reporting the gifts of the sons of Harvard to their mother, President Eliot has further declared of Phillips Brooks: "He was one of the greatest benefactors the university has ever had; for he gave himself, his time, thought, and love, his burning words, and his convincing example of purity, uprightness, and manly piety."

The fulness of this giving was not attained until the present system of administering the religious affairs of the college was adopted in 1886. Under this system five clergymen of different denominations divide the year into portions, during which each "University Preacher" in turn takes up his residence in the college yard, conducts the voluntary chapel service every morning of the week, and usually on every Thursday afternoon and Sunday evening. Besides all this, he holds himself in readiness, for certain hours each day,

to see any students who may wish to call upon him in his rooms at Wadsworth House. This was a work into which Phillips Brooks could not have failed to enter with zeal ; and all his beliefs about the willingness of men to respond to the best teaching of spiritual truth were borne out by the eagerness with which the students thronged to hear and see him. Appleton Chapel, at quarter before nine o'clock in the morning, has never been overcrowded, I believe, since the compulsory prayers were abandoned ; but on the mornings when Phillips Brooks conducted the service it was far more nearly in that condition than at any other morning services of the year. On Thursday afternoons and Sunday nights when he preached, the place was sure to be crowded to the doors. If the students liked it, so did he, and in a note to his fellow-preacher, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, he wrote, "After all, the true Christian Church is Appleton Chapel."

Of his more personal intercourse with the undergraduates whom he saw at Wadsworth House, still another of his fellow-preachers has written: "They came to him—as has been said to me more than once—afraid of his greatness, and they went away remembering only his kindness." The memories of these private interviews are now the individual possessions of many men who would forget many things they learned at Cambridge more willingly than the words and spirit of the kind, great man who treated them as his equals. A story told in public by our present ambassador to Great Britain gives evidence that no shadow of superiority to the undergraduates was assumed even at the times when they must have been vividly aware of its existence. According to the anecdote, whether true or well found, Mr. Brooks unwittingly walked in one morning upon a company of young fellows huddling over a dying fire, and miser-

ably recovering from a night of dissipation. He gave them a friendly greeting, and sat down for a few minutes' talk, in which no word of censure or rebuke found a place. Then he rose to go, and, putting his hand kindly on the head of the young man whom he knew as the leading spirit, said, "Well, boys, it doesn't make you feel any better, does it?" No sermon that he ever preached could have been better adapted to its end than these words. The remembrance of all his words so stirred the hearts of the men of Harvard that immediately upon his death measures were taken for the building of the commodious "Phillips Brooks House," now just completed, and meant to stand for all time within the college yard as a memorial of the preacher and the centre of all religious work for and by the students of the university.

The desire of Mr. Brooks to reach the men of his time revealed itself in many

utterances outside of his own parish and the Harvard community. Historical, civic, and literary occasions of many sorts called upon him as a speaker, and always he made himself felt primarily as a man among men. Nowhere could this impression of him have been more clear than at the monthly meetings of the Loyal Legion, which he attended regularly for many years. "To see him and all the officers standing and repeating the Lord's Prayer together was worth a month of trouble." So wrote one of the bravest of Massachusetts soldiers, and the picture of the man of peace praying with the men of warfare to whom his whole heart had gone out through the death-dealing years they had survived is one of the images which the younger generation will do best to preserve in all its clearness of outline and suggestion.

VII.

“I HAVE had no wife, no children, no particular honors, no serious misfortunes, and no adventures worth speaking of. It is shameful at such times as these not to have a history ; but I have not got one, and must come without.” This is the response which Phillips Brooks made to a request, late in his life, for personal details to be printed in a record of his college class. Happy is the country without a history ; and, if men are like the lands they live in, there must be a great deal of happiness in the lives of clergymen who remain long in one parish. Certainly, they do not teem with incidents of historical value ; and, certainly, the life of Phillips Brooks from 1877—let us say—to 1891 was free from conspicuous events.

Every one who has returned from travels abroad, and received greetings no more enthusiastic than if he had been

visiting a neighboring city, knows how much less important such journeys are in the eyes of the public than in his own. The events which broke the sameness of the clerical life of Mr. Brooks were largely those of foreign travel ; and, since he was an extensive and accomplished traveller, he regarded his journeyings as matters of course, and did not expect his friends to take them more seriously than he did. For him they were always mere holidays, and his letters home never lost a boyish freshness and light-hearted appreciation of all the humors of the way. He could look with amusement upon the shortness of the beds and the surplices in which he was asked to sleep and to preach ; and, when he returned from a journey with two friends of physical proportions like his own, he could doubtless laugh at the good stories of their Brobdingnagian adventures just as heartily as if the stories had been true. From India he could write of his

visit to the place where Gautama sat six years under a tree, evolving Buddhism, as a pilgrimage which a Boston minister, in days when a large part of Boston would rather think itself Buddhist than Christian, was in duty bound to make.

From Paris he wrote in 1880 to his brother William, "I have to be in London, or rather at Windsor, next Sunday, to make a few remarks to the Queen." In this democratic fashion he announced his invitation or summons to preach before Her Majesty. The sermons which he preached in Westminster and other pulpits three years later were the amazement and delight of English congregations. Mr. Macmillan asked that they might be made into a book, which was promptly published under the title *Sermons preached in English Churches*. Dean Farrar has told of the exclamation of an American woman in London: "I am so glad he preached *that* sermon at St. Margaret's. It is a special favorite of ours

at Boston." And, indeed, the title of the volume was not *Sermons written for English Churches*. There as here, however, the man won men to himself in private life, even as his sermons won hearts to the truths he proclaimed in public. Many of his foreign letters give us delightful glimpses of domestic scenes into which the traveller was welcomed. Of all his English friends, Dean Stanley, whose bust is the only memorial of its sort in Trinity Church, Boston, was probably held first in the esteem and love of Phillips Brooks. But the names of other Churchmen hardly less famous, besides those of Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and of many men whose lives are a part of the best record of the Victorian era, appear and reappear in the annals of his journeys. Sprung from the best blood of his own land and city, Phillips Brooks retained, behind all his sense of the common dignity of mankind, a keen appreciation of whatever

possessed distinction. To this, in men, as in sculpture, architecture, painting, and to a far smaller degree in music, he paid the full due of recognition and of reverence. Yet from the embodiments of distinction with which the best of English society made him familiar, he could turn at the end of every holiday with the zest of a boy to the thought of home; and it is not extravagant to suppose that the week of the westward ocean voyage was to him often the best week of the summer or the year away from Boston.

The friendships to which Phillips Brooks returned in America bound him close to men still living in Boston and elsewhere. It is especially for them to speak of the part he bore in their intimate relationships. One point which any one may observe is that some of the best friends of his college and seminary days held their place among the best friends of his final years. If they were

for the most part clergymen, it is no more remarkable than that lawyers and physicians should select most of their friends from their professional associates. The one group of men to whom Phillips Brooks probably stood nearest as a friend was the "Clericus Club," established by him in 1870, meeting first in his study at the Hotel Kempton, afterward in his house in Marlborough Street, and still later at the Trinity Church Rectory on Clarendon Street. From its foundation till 1891 Mr. Brooks was its president, and as a rule its monthly host. Its total membership, representing in general the more liberal thought of the Episcopal Church in New England, had at the time of Bishop Brooks's death reached approximately the number of sixty. At no one time was it nearly so large, and the intimate intercourse which was possible for its members made it also possible for them to carry out into their parishes and lives something more

vital than the memory of the papers which they read and freely discussed. The spirit of the man who was at once their leader and their friend must in some measure have communicated itself through them to many circles of humanity. There is, on the other hand, abundant reason to believe that Phillips Brooks placed a high value upon everything which the club and its associations brought to him.

Perhaps because his own life was that of a bachelor, he cared all the more for his friendships and that contact with domestic affairs which, after the death of his parents, he retained through the households of his brothers. The *Letters of Travel* reveal, to a marked degree, the true joyfulness of his relationships with parents, brothers, and nieces. He was constantly writing to his nearest kinsmen, not because it was his duty, but evidently because he loved to do it, and knew with what love his steps were

followed everywhere. When he was at home, all the domestic festivals found him ready to do them honor. After his parents moved from Boston to North Andover, the Thanksgiving dinner of the family took place year by year with great circumstance at the Rectory. Here also the nieces at any time could find in a closet the dolls kept for their private entertainment. Mr. Brooks's own birthday was regularly celebrated at the house of his brother in Boston. The children dressed his chair with flags and ribbons. Until the years crowded the candles too close, there was always a cake ; and, to speed the bringing in of the gifts, the dinner was sometimes hurried out of all keeping with its proper dignity. But the greatest excitement over gifts was of course at Christmas time. Then the younger members of the family were summoned separately to breakfast at the rectory, and after careful deliberation there were morning

visits to the shops. The importance of secrecy in the Christmas of childhood was never lost to sight. “*Very private!*” was the heading of a letter written from Vienna in November of 1882 to one of the nieces in Boston. “This letter is an awful secret between you and me,” it began. “If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about. You know Christmas is coming; and I am afraid that I shall not get home by that time, and so I want you to get the Christmas presents for the children.” Here follow injunctions to find out “in the most secret way” what they would like best. “Then you must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it, too, and put it in your own stocking, and be very much surprised when you find it there.”

The uncle of the summer-time was, however, perhaps even more delightful than this Christmas correspondent.

After the death of the last of the previous generation the ancestral place at North Andover came into the possession of Phillips Brooks. Here, within reach of his parish duties, he spent most of the summers not devoted to travel. The children of the family could ill have been spared from the North Andover life. Without them the fireworks on the Fourth of July might have been tame, but with them were a source of boyish delight to their uncle. To the children's society the afternoons were given almost as devotedly as the mornings were kept for work. The "Corn-barn" was fitted up as their playhouse. Trophies of travel were its decorations; and one of its chief pieces of furniture was a great arm-chair, from which Mr. Brooks used to watch the children at work over the cooking-stove he had given them. When there were plays in preparation, he helped with his own hands to build the stage. Generally, in the

afternoon he took a long drive in a buggy which had a place for just one child. But there were shops in the little towns through which the drive was sure to lead, and there was always time to stop and buy some toy for those who had been left behind. In the evening perhaps there were games, into which Mr. Brooks entered with all heartiness. Thus ended many a quiet day; and upon the simple picture which their succession presents one may look with a sense of the truest satisfaction.

The children of Mr. Brooks's own family received in fuller measure what he gave to all children with whom he came into contact. In his parish, and later in his diocese, he invariably made himself the friend of the youngest generation, and seemed to get, for example from a Christmas festival, quite as much pleasure as his presence and words were sure to give. With one of the most remarkable children of the century, the

deaf, dumb, and blind Helen Keller, his relations were strikingly beautiful. "Please tell me something that you know about God," she wrote to him; and the substance of the long reply, fitted precisely to the nature and understanding of the child, is to be found near the end of his letter: "And so love is everything; and if anybody asks you, or if you ask yourself, what God is, answer, 'God is love.'" In addition to the letter-writing there was an intimate personal intercourse, which caused the child soon after the bishop's death to write, "Oh, it is very hard to bear this great sorrow,—hard to believe that I shall never more hold his gentle hand while he tells me about God and love and goodness." But the memory of his words came back to her: "And in the midst of my sorrow I seem to hear his glad voice say: 'Helen, you *shall* see me again in that beautiful world we used to talk about in my study. Let

not your heart be troubled.' Then heaven seems very near, since a tender, loving friend awaits us there."

VIII.

HAD the private and parochial affairs of Phillips Brooks been allowed to run their course till the end of his life, that end might have come less quickly. He would, moreover, have been spared the publicity into which his motives and everything that concerned his inmost life were dragged by the conspicuous events of the few closing years. "When I think how much of other people's thoughts I have dared to occupy for the last three months," he wrote to a friend in the summer of 1891, "I am truly ashamed of myself; but it has not been my fault. And now it is over; and I shall go into the upper house, and be forgotten." As early as 1886 he might have gone into the House of Bishops, for then he was elected Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania. From the fact that he declined the office, it was felt that he preferred never to become a bishop.

Indeed, with his marvellous power as a preacher,—a power to which the business men of New York paid their tribute when they thronged from Wall Street to the noonday services at Trinity in the Lent of 1890,—he might well have been content to end his clerical life as he began it.

This, however, was simply not permitted to him. When the diocesan convention of Massachusetts met in April of 1891 to elect a successor to Bishop Paddock, the delegates found themselves in an unusual position. One of the candidates had already received the suffrages of the unsectarian public. The newspapers and general opinion had said that, if the diocese of Massachusetts should fail to make Phillips Brooks its bishop, it would fall irreparably short of a great opportunity. There were not wanting those within the church who thought that the election of a man holding the theological views of Mr. Brooks, and exhibiting his

sympathy with men still more widely at variance with the stricter sect of Churchmen, would be an ecclesiastical calamity. When the vote was cast, the laity were found to be overwhelmingly in his favor, and the clergy so far in agreement with them as to leave no doubt that the diocese had chosen the leader it really wanted.

Up to this time the churchmanship of Phillips Brooks had been a matter which concerned only his voluntary hearers and his bishop. So long as there was no interference from these quarters, his preaching could go on unquestioned. But it is the law of the Protestant Episcopal Church that a majority of the bishops and standing committees of every diocese shall give their consent—their *placebit*—to the consecration of every bishop-elect. He is usually so “safe” a man that no serious question is raised. It is only in the case of extremists that there is any doubt of confirmation. When Father

Grafton was elected bishop of Fond du Lac, the standing committee of Massachusetts sent out a circular declaring that he was not too extreme a man for the episcopate. Phillips Brooks himself, representing absolutely different views from Father Grafton, wrote a letter to the president of the standing committee of Kentucky, saying, "If we reject extreme men from the episcopate, we shall make the episcopate narrower than it is." It would have been too much to expect that all those who differed from Phillips Brooks would look upon his candidacy with correspondingly open minds. Yet there might easily have been a nearer approach to the manner in which he and Massachusetts dealt with the question of Fond du Lac.

The objections of those who were most active in opposing the confirmation of the choice of Massachusetts were undoubtedly sincere. The pamphlet in which the bishop of a Western diocese

brought together his "Open Letter" and many other expressions of opposition speaks for the positive convictions of one who believed with all his heart that the Church to which his life was devoted would really be hurt by accepting a bishop who had been baptized as an infant by a Unitarian, had joined in public services with ministers of different creeds, had even invited them to partake of the communion when Trinity Church was consecrated, and was himself "an Arian of some sort." It was even an offence that a Unitarian minister had written a sonnet of satisfaction on his election. If the Western bishop knew that students for the Methodist ministry were sent by their instructors to hear the preaching of Phillips Brooks, at least he did not mention it. Nor could it have been known that Mr. Brooks had written to a lady in some uncertainty about coming to confirmation, "I am content that our

Church should be a helpful friend to one who has been living among quite different associations, and who does not think it best to come into closer personal connection with her." Still less could it have been foreseen that within two years a Congregational minister in Worcester would say from his pulpit: "Entirely and deeply loyal as he was to his own branch of the Church, it was simply impossible for us to identify him wholly with it, because the Christ that was so signally manifested in him was our Christ and the Christ of all believers; and therefore this man, transcending all sectarian limits, was the brother and bishop of us all." That any man should become the bishop of all, without bringing *all* into one mode of thought, was indeed a ground for fear to the Western guardian of the faith. He called upon Mr. Brooks to define his position on several theological points, and received this reply: "I have been

for thirty-two years a minister of the Church, and I have used her services joyfully and without complaint. I have preached in many places, and with the utmost freedom. I have written and published many volumes, which I have no right to ask anybody to read, but which will give to any one who chooses to read them clear understanding of my way of thinking. My acts have never been concealed.

“Under these circumstances, I cannot think it well to make any utterance of faith or pledge of purpose at the present time.”

Here was one who loved the Church of his boyhood and manhood as loyally as the most intense of his opponents, one who believed that it was abundantly spacious for them and for him. It could have been no easy thing for such a man to bear in silence the bitterest charges of disloyalty, and to hear it proclaimed that the place in which he found himself

was not a place where he could honestly remain. Yet, through all the weeks when his name in certain regions was little better than a target for abuse, no word of retort or justification passed his lips. When he found a savage picture of his face in a newspaper, he could even make light of it by writing to Bishop Clark,—

“No wonder, if ’tis thus he looks,
The Church has doubts of Phillips
Brooks,” —

with other lines to the effect that at least he meant to do his best. For charges of one sort he was indeed alert. “After all,” he said, “they have let me off pretty easily. As yet I have never been charged with breaking either the sixth or the seventh or the eighth commandment.” At another time he told a friend that he cared nothing about what might be said of his opinions and position in the Church; “but,” he con-

tinued, "if you hear a word against my moral character, I must know it,—that must be met." Carefully as he and his friends might listen for accusations such as these, they could hear absolutely nothing. That which did make itself heard, in spite of all endeavors of the extremists in opposition, was the positive confirmation which the bishops and the dioceses set upon the choice of Massachusetts.

On the 14th of October, 1891, in Trinity Church, Boston, Phillips Brooks was consecrated to the episcopate by the laying on of hands by nine bishops of the Church. If there had ever been any real doubt of his loyalty to the system for which they and the ceremony stood, it would have been dispelled by his standing as the central towering figure of the solemn rites. His face, to those who watched it as the procession of priests and bishops made its way from the chancel to the doors which opened

to the world, expressed something more of inward than of outward consecration. Yet the symbol and the reality were as one, and the full significance of his work as a bishop was to be that every formal act could show itself glowing with a light of the spirit that shone within.

There were many ways in which the first Sunday after his consecration might have been spent, but the way he chose was probably the best of all. An old friend in the ministry was in deep sorrow for the loss of his wife. To this friend Bishop Brooks devoted the Sunday, preaching for him, and bringing him courage and comfort through the words spoken both in public and in private. As he went about the diocese in the weeks and months that followed, it was not to personal griefs that he was called upon especially to minister. Yet into all his relations with his clergy and their people he infused a strong personal quality, which left behind him every-

where a sense that the effective bishop and the affectionate friend were strangely blended into one. In the capacity of friend, he could say to the choir-boys at Newton, in the last public address of his life, "When you meet me, let me know that you know me." As a bishop on the other hand, he won the reputation of "a stickler for the canons." Yet one does not need to look far and long to see him again in the less formal light, this time, at the first and only meeting of the House of Bishops he attended, leaning over to the seminary classmate who long before had befriended him, and whispering, "Henry, is it always as dull as this?" The great seriousness of his office, however, was always behind any humorous lack of seriousness with which he could take himself for the moment. Just as in his parish ministry he had "loved to preach," so in all the labors of his new office he experienced a hearty delight. "I like this going

round from place to place, and preaching to all these new people," he once said to Bishop Clark. "I wish that I could have begun this sort of life ten years earlier."

It was not a part of his nature to spare himself any fraction of the work which came to him. Letters were answered with the scrupulousness of old, and demands of every sort upon his time were met without a question. When his secretary attempted to condole with him on having so little time to himself, he declared that he had plenty of it—in the railroad cars. The total power of good that might have been wrought by a continuance of his travels over the length and breadth of his native State, bringing into every town and city the influence of his words and presence, can hardly be overestimated. But the labors to which he subjected himself were more than a man, no longer young and never content to live with anything less

than the fullest exercise of his powers, could be expected to bear. His zest of living was expressed one day when he exclaimed to his successor, "I don't want to be old, but I should like to live on this earth five hundred years." The horror of his life, he is said to have told another friend, was that he might lose his voice in old age and be unable to preach ; but then, he said, he would ask his friends, a few at a time, to come to his study, and let him whisper his message to them. The look of age, creeping gradually through recent years into his face, had begun to remind men that his strength, like theirs, had its bounds. But for him the death by slow degrees would have been a horror indeed, and the spectacle of it a sadness to men. Happily this was not to be. A sharp and sudden illness seized him when he had been but fifteen months a bishop ; and on January 23, 1893, he died.

It is something to live in the age of

photography. But for this art the extent to which Copley Square outside of Trinity Church was thronged on the day when Bishop Brooks was buried might be forgotten. The pictures remain to tell us that on the 26th of January the great church could hold but a small portion of the multitude which came to render him the last act of reverence. The municipal offices and many places of business were closed. A sense of public grief, an accumulated personal bereavement, was clearly to be felt throughout the city. Men and women of every sect and of none truly mourned the loss of the man whose greatness had belonged to Boston and to America. "If you are looking for Christian unity," one of its chief advocates was told that morning, "you will see more of it to-day than you ever have seen before or are likely soon to see again." One wished that Bishop Brooks himself could have known what his death would mean to the whole city of his birth

and love, and even more particularly to Harvard College. Eight young men from the University, seven of them undergraduates, served as his pall-bearers. As the funeral procession moved from Trinity Church to Mount Auburn, it passed, at the request of the undergraduates, through the college yard, by Gore Hall and University out through the gate between Harvard and Massachusetts. The college bell tolled slowly. The undergraduates crowded the steps of the buildings and with uncovered heads stood thickly massed on either side of the driveway until the whole procession had passed them by. It was a farewell of which the highest exemplar of manhood in any form, physical, intellectual, or spiritual, might have been thought worthy. That a great body of collegians, the keenest of men to know a man when they see him, should stand bareheaded on a winter day, and pay this farewell homage to Phillips Brooks, speaks more truly than any

words of description could speak for the essential quality of manhood that was in him.

IX.

THERE is no art to do for personalities what photography can do for scenes and faces. The achievements of a man, the effect of his personality and its mediums of expression, can be described in words. But the personality itself is a thing which eludes reproduction in the terms of human speech. With Phillips Brooks this indefinable gift of personality was the dominating element of power. Surely, it was not his mind by itself which placed him head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries. In the mere gift of intellect some of them surpassed him. It has frequently been said that, if he had devoted himself to literature, his gifts of insight and of self-expression would have wrought wonderful results. Perhaps they would; for, certainly, men of no greater mental equipment have made enviable names for themselves in letters. But all these speculations are futile.

He chose the work of preaching for the expression of his personality, and it remains for us only to fix our final regard upon its individual methods and effect.

Let us say at once, then, that the gifts of circumstance, physique, and temperament played an important part in making him what he was. Whether through his own merits or not, he was shielded from the petty concerns and cares which hamper the majority of mankind. To illustrate his physical indifference to the ills of the body, it is told that he once held up his thumb, bearing the scar of a surgeon's knife and said : "Men tell me *that* was about the severest pain which a man can have. If that is so, then I have less respect for pain than I thought I had." Joined with this physical superiority was the corresponding temperament of the optimist. The union of these qualities in many persons would have served to repel the natures more sensitive to the unequal things of life. But in public

and in private utterances a third quality of sympathy was blended with these other two in such a manner as to make them far less a means of suggesting the unattainable than of communicating strength. "To look up into his honest clear eyes," wrote Lucy Larcom, when she was first making his acquaintance, "was like seeing the steady lights in a watch-tower." This, then, was a physical presence which of itself expressed what men and women needed to know.

The spiritual gifts, to which his intellect brought many and important aids, gave him his true distinction. In an age commonly called the most material he rose up and presented a living proof of his belief that all men could be touched and stirred by the utterance of genuine spiritual truth. Dr. Holmes described him as "the ideal minister of the American gospel." And so he was, the interpreter of the unseen, spiritual things so hidden behind the temporal and

seen that it is all too easy for a people like ours to forget their existence. To readjust a favorite figure of his own, Bishop Brooks was a window of clear glass, through which the light which was to him the light of life shone down, with the least possible loss of clearness through transmission, into the lives of men. Before them he set up the highest and noblest standards of living; and into the theological atmosphere of his time, within and outside of his own branch of the universal Church, he introduced, for laity as for clergy, a clearing influence, of which the effectiveness cannot possibly be restricted to the period of one man's life.

Like the actor and the orator, unlike the poet and the painter, the preacher must yield up the fullest power of his work when his voice is silenced and his personality removed. But the preacher who is also a teacher of positive truth cannot wholly perish. He passes on to

others something of the spirit that was in him. The chief torch is extinguished, and it seems at first as if little or no light would be left. But soon our eyes begin to see the rushlights and the candles which have lit themselves at the torch ; and, though no one of them is so bright as this was, yet their total light makes the gray world a far more tolerable place. Moreover, many lights are still to be lit which will owe their quality of brightness to the torch they have never known. So surely has it been and will it be with the influence of Phillips Brooks.

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Soon after the death of Phillips Brooks, the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York, began the preparation of the exhaustive *Life and Letters* of his distinguished brother. In 1895 the Rev. Arthur Brooks died, leaving the work unfinished. Its beginnings and the material for its completion were then put into the hands of the Rev. Prof. A. V. G. Allen, who at this writing has gone far toward finishing the two large volumes, which are to be published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York, the publishers of all the writings of Phillips Brooks. Until it appears, the reader will search in vain for a complete account of the preacher's life.

It may be expected that many of his sermons, when they can be read in intimate connection with his letters and other memorials, will seem to bear a definite relation to the life he lived.

There are, indeed, several of his published volumes which have a biographical value of varying obviousness. These are mentioned below.

In chronological relation with them are included references to the few magazine articles in which the reader will find the most suggestive comment and general information. As the present list is meant to include only the writings of easiest accessibility, it does not touch upon the many sermons and pamphlets relating to Phillips Brooks which have appeared since his death.

I. LECTURES ON PREACHING. Delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College in 1877. (New York, 1877: E. P. Dutton & Co.) Here the preacher's advice to beginners in his profession reveals and suggests many things concerning his own practice of it.

II. *New England Magazine*, January, 1892. "Phillips Brooks." By the Rev. Julius H. Ward.

III. *Harvard Monthly*, February, 1893. (Phillips Brooks memorial number, containing papers by President Eliot, Dr. Lyman Abbott, E. E. Hale, and others.)

IV. *Andover Review*, March-April, 1893. "Phillips Brooks." By Professor (now Bishop) William Lawrence: besides an admirable unsigned editorial article.

V. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1893. "Phillips Brooks." By the Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen.

VI. *New England Magazine*, May, 1893. "Phillips Brooks and Harvard University." By the Rev. Alexander McKenzie.

VII. PHILLIPS BROOKS. By Arthur Brooks (Black and White Series). (New York, 1893: Harper Brothers.) This is a reprint of the article which the brother of Phillips Brooks contributed to *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1893. In another form he had already delivered

it as a sermon at the Church of the Incarnation, New York.

VIII. ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES, RELIGIOUS, LITERARY, AND SOCIAL. Edited by the Rev. John Cotton Brooks. (New York, 1894: E. P. Dutton & Co.) There are no sermons in this volume, but the preacher, without obtruding his mission, is almost constantly present.

IX. LETTERS OF TRAVEL. Edited by M. F. B. (New York, 1894: E. P. Dutton & Co.) This volume contains the informal letters written to members of his family while Phillips Brooks was spending his longer and shorter vacations in travel. They are from all parts of the world, and unconsciously exhibit many personal characteristics of the writer.

X. REMINISCENCES. By Thomas M. Clark, D.D., LL.D. (pp. 206-222). (New York, 1895: Thomas Whittaker).

The bishop of Rhode Island was for many years an intimate friend of Phillips Brooks, and here, as always, writes as a shrewd observer of life and character.

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